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The SHADOW KISS

Jessica Lynch lived with her father and mother in a quaint little cottage just outside the city limits. She was a beautiful girl, tall and slender, with dark gray eyes shaded by long, curling lashes, light brown hair that curled about her temples and a complexion that was the envy of all her girl friends.

She possessed unusual musical ability, played well and sang in a clear, rich contralto, that was the delight of the choirmaster and congregation of St. Mark's church, where she had been attending services since she was five years old, 20 years ago.

Theodore Craig, the organist and choirmaster, loved Jessica. It seemed as if he had always loved her, although he had known her but six months, having come to St. Mark's from a distant city. He did not tell her of his love, for he knew he could not provide a home for her as good as the one she had been accustomed to, even if he was successful in his suit.

Jessica and Theo were absolutely congenial. They played and sang together, took long rambles in the country on Sunday afternoons, visited picture galleries and concerts, and thoroughly enjoyed the opera even if their seats were in an upper balcony, for like most musicians, Theo was not a very practical business man, and money with him was scarce.

Many happy evenings were spent in the parlor of the little cottage, with either Theo or Jessica at the piano. Millie Jayne, one of Jessica's many friends, laughingly gave it the name of "The Music Box," for happiness and melody seemed to radiate about the place, and every one of the young people who knew Jessica was sure of a hearty welcome and a merry time whenever they entered its hospitable doors.

The gentle little mother and stately father were friendly with all the young people, but they especially admired Theo and treated him almost as if he was their own son. This made it harder for him to keep silent, and he had made up his mind to tell Jessica of his love and ask her to wait for him until he received an expected promotion, when a distant relative died, leaving him a comfortable fortune.

The news reached him in the morning, and all day long his thoughts were with the girl he loved. He would go to her that very evening and ask her to be his wife.

As he walked up the path that led to the cottage door, he paused to listen to the music which came from within. Jessica was singing "Love's Sorrows" in a low sweet tone, and as the last note died away he looked up at the parlor window; the white linen blinds were down, and as he stood there with the words of the song still ringing in his ears, he saw Jessica's shadow, distinctly silhouetted on the white surface of the blind, rise from the piano, and at the same time a man's figure arose from a chair that stood beside it.

Theo wondered who the caller was, and a smile curved his lips as he thought that hereafter he would have the privilege of calling every night until he took his bride to their own home.

Suddenly the shadow man held out his arms and the shadow woman calmly walked toward him and held up her lips to receive his kiss, as he closed his arms about her in close embrace.

Stunned at the sight, Theo, white and haggard, turned and retraced his steps to the road. Too late! He had come too late. Some more fortunate man had won the girl he loved.

Late that night he left for the south to attend the funeral of his relative. But what did he care now for the money? The very thought of it was hateful to him.

Six weeks later, returning from the south, where he had been detained by business matters, Theo determined to call upon Jessica and manfully offer her his best wishes.

As he approached her home, he recalled vividly the scene he had witnessed the last time he was there, and instinctively paused as he entered the gate and looked at the

lighted parlor window with its blinds down.

He was startled at what he saw. The same man's features that had been pictured on the blind before; the same slim form, bushy hair and slightly humped shoulder, stood with arms outstretched. But this time it was not Jessica who gave a queer little run forward into them. It was not tall, queenly Jessica, who was kissed and kissed by the stranger, but Millie Jayne.

Theo could not mistake her diminutive figure and fluffy head with the hair piled high on top to "add to my inches," as she said. What could it mean? The man he thought engaged to marry Jessica now kissing Millie as if his life depended upon those kisses.

Well, he would not be long in clearing up the mystery, and striding up to the door, he asked the maid who answered his ring for Mrs. Lynch, who, as she heard his voice, came forward with a welcoming smile.

"A stranger, indeed," she said, gently, "but none the less welcome," and leading the way, she entered the parlor.

"Theo, I want you to know my son Jack."

"Jack, this is Mr. Craig, Jessica's friend, of whom you have heard so much," and as the men shook hands Mrs. Lynch explained to Theo that her son had left home 12 years before for Australia, and they had all thought he had been lost at sea on the outgoing trip.

Later he learned how Jack had been shipwrecked on the coast of Af-



rica and had returned to his parents' home after many vicissitudes.

"And now I shall stay at home, for Millie has promised to be my wife and says she will never let me go so far away again."

It was the night of Jack's return that Theo had seen his shadow and Jessica's on the blind, and now, when he inquired for Jessica, Mrs. Lynch told him she had gone out in the garden to enjoy the moonlight. The mysterious man and his kisses were explained, and as he went in search of Jessica Theo's heart was very happy; but happier by far were the two young people as they returned from the rose garden hand in hand and found Jessica's father and mother seated on the porch, Mr. Lynch holding his wife's hand as only married lovers do.

Three months later the choir of St. Mark's sang "O Perfect Love" at the celebration of a double wedding.

AIR WARM AT HIGH ALTITUDES

Forty sounding balloons carrying registration apparatus, sent up by the Royal Meteorological Society of England reached different heights. The mean altitude attained was 16,411 meters, the maximum 23,010 meters. At a certain altitude the temperature increased instead of decreasing. This could not have been due to solar radiations because the maximum height was reached after sunset.—Harper's Weekly.

HIS PREFERENCE.

"Prisoner, you have been condemned to death, but in this state we allow you to choose between hanging and shooting. Which do you prefer?"

"Since I have my choice, kind sirs, I prefer to be hung in effigy."

UNKIND.

They turned the X-ray on my back at the hospital, but found nothing. Did they expect?"

CASTORIA

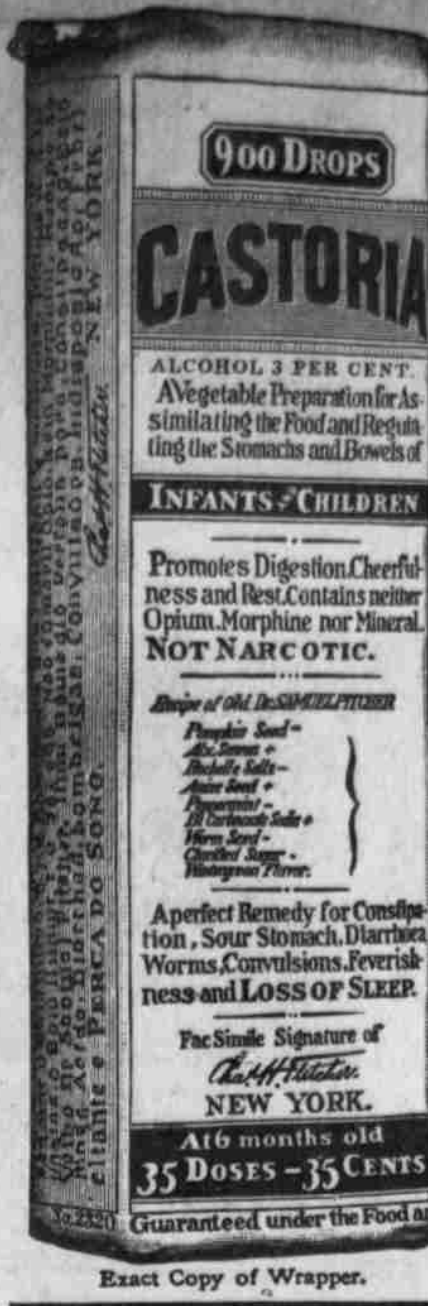
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Necessity For "Best" Teacher In Each School District

By JOHN B. M'FERRAN, Chairman Educational Committee, Louisville Commercial Club

A FRIEND of mine interested in schools happened in Boston not long since and in going about investigating the city's schools, on reaching the lowest and poorest part of the city, was surprised to see going up a splendid, beautiful school building to cost \$375,000. He said, "Why on earth do you put such a handsome and costly building in this part of the city?" The answer was, "We want to make good, intelligent citizens out of these children, and we think this one of the important ways of doing it."

I should like to know why we pursue the unbusinesslike, illogical and absolutely unfair method of offering three kinds of teachers' certificates, especially now as the counties have the right to tax themselves up to 20 cents on \$100 for general school purposes. ARE WE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO MAKE THREE CLASSES OF CITIZENS—THE INFERIOR, THE MODERATELY GOOD AND THE BEST? In a true democracy there is no use or room for classes. Ought not our efforts to be addressed to the one object of making an average intelligent good citizenship?

Under present arrangements we are compelling the poorer sections of our counties to employ third-class teachers whose capacity will not suffer them to go above a wage of \$30 to \$40 per month, while the cities and towns and wealthier parts of the counties are paying \$60 to \$75 per month. Of course this higher pay and better environment attract the best teachers, those holding the first class certificates. Now, this is manifestly unfair and very unwise.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE LESS WEALTHY PORTIONS OF OUR COUNTIES ARE ALREADY SUFFICIENTLY HANDICAPPED BY THEIR POVERTY AND IGNORANCE. WHY, THEN, UNDER HEAVEN, ARE THEY FURTHER HANDICAPPED BY CHEAP, INCOMPETENT TEACHERS?

There ought to be, as soon as the proper legislation can be had, only one certificate granted to all teachers and that of the first class. If there are districts unable to pay in full for a first class teacher let the county board make up the difference out of the county fund, for which it was intended. THESE POORER DISTRICTS PAY THE SAME RATE OF TAX, SO FAR AS THEY HAVE TAXABLES, AS DO THE WEALTHIER SECTIONS, AND THEY SHOULD HAVE A FAIR AND LIBERAL DEAL.

This is not only generous and unselfish, but it is Christlike, and it is a wise business proposition to make good and intelligent citizens out of these less fortunate. I think when the people consider this question deliberately they will see the folly of present methods and demand a change and will get it. Therefore it would be wise for teachers to prepare themselves to get first class certificates, and I think they have no time to lose because the change when started will come quickly. The state has two normal schools and the university whose business it is to prepare teachers.

Not 25 per cent of the teachers of the state are taking advantage of these opportunities, and many of them will be left out when the change comes. I am hoping to see the day when our teachers will be better paid, but when that day dawns it will bring with it also an undeniable demand for better prepared teachers.

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